

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Word From Our Sponsor"

Intro:

This is a test  
Of the boogie down production  
Prevention against sucka mc's  
In the event of a real emergency  
You would have been instructed  
    On which jams to play  
And how loud to blast your radio  
And now, a word from our sponsor

Verse one:

I'm from the bronx, blastmaster krs-one  
Provin that my job ain't done until I get some  
    More, no need to roar or yell  
    Cos I can still tell what will sell  
And would have sold without yellin over a drum roll  
    That style is old, so unfold  
    Blossom, bloom, you got the room  
    So go ahead and consume  
    A new era, krs-one comes better  
    Bite another lyric? never  
    Cos I'm too clever, however  
    I own my own label  
Partners with scott larock, he's on the turntable  
    And partner lee smith  
    I'm exercising a true gift just to uplift  
    Hip-hop, hip-hop  
    My voice is like a monster  
And now a word from our sponsor

Verse two:

Two, three, four, five, sex, seven, eight, nine, ten  
    I gotta start this rhyme again  
    How many words can I find that rhyme  
And still keep in mind every lyric must come out on time  
    Not many but I have plenty  
    Scott larock sent me just to devastate any-  
    One, any daughter, any son that comes my way  
    Hey, you got to go the other way  
    I represent my dj scott larock

D-nice, the beat box  
I only wear nike's, not adidas or reeboks  
Many people know me, yet I'm known by few  
My name is krs-one, son  
Not two or three or four or five or six  
The mix is on scott larock and scott larock is on the mix

Verse three:

Cool like the air we breathe  
Inhale, exhale, perpetrators will fail  
As sure as my name is "blastmaster krs"  
Sit and listen to the very essence of this tale  
From the days of prison I have uprisen  
To my family members I'm marked down as missin  
Listen, circumstances put me right in the street  
With the will to survive, get paid, eat, and sleep  
Some weep, or should I rather say some cry  
Can't get by so later on they die  
Because the strong will survive  
The weak will perish  
Ignorance is a poison and knowledge will nourish  
I love what I got and like what I had  
I'm glad, not sad, and I don't even get mad  
I get even, myself and some others I believe in  
Cos these others are my brothas and perfection we're achievin  
Yes, my name is krs, my brother is a rasta  
Let me pause, and now a word from our sponsor